

Gee Officer Harrington by jono74656

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Deputy Steve Harrington, M/M, Post-Canon, Pre-Slash, Underage Drinking

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-10

Updated: 2021-06-10

Packaged: 2022-03-31 14:38:45

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,525

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Deputy Steve gets a surprise when he responds to a noise complaint about a high school party.

Gee Officer Harrington

Author's Note:

Been percolating this one for a while. Will is a high school freshman in this one, and even though there's nothing explicit I've used the underage warning just to be on the safe side. Could technically be read as a sequel to my story (Just a Little) Crush.

Yes the title is from West Side Story, it was just too good not to use.

Steve sighed to himself as he drove the cruiser towards the address he'd been given.

Not two years ago it would've been his house getting the noise complaints phoned in to the sheriff's office. Now he was the one responding to the noise complaint.

He'd been surprised when Hopper, not long after his return from Russian captivity, had decided Steve was going to become a deputy whether he wanted to or not.

But it was basically doing what he'd already been doing for the dipshit parade, just with a badge and a pay check.

And a uniform. But after Scoops Ahoy he could handle pretty much any uniform.

He flipped the switch to have the lights start flashing as he got within a couple blocks of the disturbance, then sounded the sirens as he got within a block. Hopper had always done the same when responding to complaints at the Harrington residence, and Steve had always made sure to have people keeping an eye out for the approaching lights; giving partygoers time to scatter.

Hopefully whoever had taken over hosting the high school parties was similarly keeping watch.

Steve didn't want to end up arresting underage drinkers any more

than Hopper had, though in Steve's case it was less to do with Hopper's concerns over being a hypocrite given his own past with alcohol.

Steve just dreaded the thought of having to arrest one of his dipshits. They were the right age to be at high school parties now, and they'd never let him hear the end of it if he arrested them.

Kids were still scattering into the distance as he parked up in front of the house, lights still shining from every window and blasting music into the night. Better response time needed then, Steve would've had everything locked down nice and quiet by this point.

Still, not bad for a first time host.

He knocked on the door and delivered the standard warning about noise complaints to the sheepish looking, god he was probably a senior by now huh? Steve remembered him as a baby-faced freshman with delusions of walking onto the basketball team.

He delivered the standard warning then quietly mentioned the proper use of lookouts during a party, earning a startled nod; then turned back to his cruiser, and sighed as he noticed a slumped figure by the wall, one he'd missed as they were mostly in a patch of shadow.

Looked like one of them hadn't managed to scatter. Shit, the paperwork was gonna take all night.

He hauled the kid up by the arm, then almost dropped him when his face came into the light.

"Aw fucking hell, little Byers."

Of course it was one of his dipshits. And of course it was Will.

Kid had never really grown after the Upside Down bullshit. Still had the height of a middle schooler even if his face had matured, and his eyes tended to look like those Steve had seen in the faces of veterans.

Hopper had eyes like that, he hated that the kids did too.

But he couldn't arrest Will, not a chance.

Steve hefted Will in his arms, which wasn't difficult, kid was like a hundred pounds dripping wet, and no wonder his alcohol tolerance was for shit, and carried him to the cruiser; sliding him into the front seat rather than the back.

He got back behind the wheel, and set off towards the Byers residence; as much as Joyce would be horrified to have her drunk baby boy delivered home by a cop, even if that cop was Steve; it was preferable to calling her to collect Will from the station.

Steve tuned the car radio to the only station that still broadcast this late, and soft jazz began to play on low volume while Steve quickly reported back to the station via his radio, Hopper sounding exasperated at the other end but agreeing Steve probably had the better idea.

The sound of voices seemed to rouse Will a little, and he blinked adorably in the faint glow of passing streetlights, turning to stare at Steve for a moment, before clutching his belly and gasping "pull over!"

Steve immediately pulled over to the side of the road, Will jerking the door open and leaning out, but there was no retching, and after a second he leaned back in and closed the door.

"You okay, little Byers?"

Will nodded, eyes a little unfocused, but then slid out of his seat and across the gearshift into Steve's lap in a movement that was so smooth Steve wasn't even sure how it happened. He had to lean back in his seat so Will wasn't crushed against the wheel.

He couldn't help his faint yelp, but Will ignored him, pressing his nose into the hollow of Steve's throat and breathing in deeply, before letting out a softly moaned "Steeeeeeve".

Steve couldn't deny it was flattering, but he was still confused. He was about to ask the obvious question of "what the fuck?", but Will cut him off by leaning up and pressing his mouth to Steve's.

Steve's mind stuttered to a halt, and Will stiffened as though he had

just realised what he'd done, then he sank back until he could look Steve in the eye.

"I, I don't suppose we can blame that on the alcohol?"

Steve scrubbed a hand through his hair to give him a second to think, then sighed.

"If you wanna do that then I won't say anything, Will. Not to anyone. You wouldn't be the first person to do something they regretted when drunk."

Will looked offended.

"I don't regret it, I've been wanting to do that for years. I just never intended to y'know, actually do it."

Steve's brain stuttered again.

"Years?!"

Seemingly to prove his point, and with an almost challenging expression on his face, Will leaned up slowly, giving Steve time to pull away, and kissed him again.

Now that he wasn't as surprised, Steve could guess that these were probably Will's first kisses, and despite his reservations kissed back gently, letting Will set the pace until he broke the kiss with a soft moan.

Will made to kiss him again, but Steve stopped him with a soft hand.

"You're drunk, Will. And you just said you never meant to actually kiss me. So, sleep it off, and if you don't want to die of embarrassment once you sober up I promise I'll hear you out, whatever you want to say, ok?"

Will's pout should be illegal, Steve decided, but he slowly shifted off of Steve's lap and back into the passenger seat.

"And if I say I've been a little in love with you since I was twelve?"

“Then I’ll question your taste, and we’ll go from there.”

Will looked uncertain for a moment, then put a hand on Steve’s arm.

“Just in case I do regret it, or chicken out. Could you give me a proper kiss? I’ve been thinking about it for probably far too long.”

Steve didn’t let himself think too much, just curled one hand into Will’s hair, and tilted his head up as their lips met.

He moved his mouth over Will’s for several seconds, then gently nipped at his lower lip until Will gasped and parted his lips, and they were properly making out. Steve slipped him a bit of tongue and Will shuddered in his seat.

Taking that as a hint Steve slowly broke the kiss, looking into Will’s lust darkened eyes and trying to ignore the tent in Will’s pants, or the fact that he was half hard himself.

He put the car back into gear and started driving towards the Byers house again, and tried not to notice Will licking his lips, and palming his hard on through his pants.

If he noticed that, he’d have to do something about it, and he still wasn’t convinced this wasn’t Will being incredibly drunk.

Will continued to rub himself through his pants for the remainder of the drive, and Steve was glad it was a short drive, he only had so much self control.

Joyce must have been watching out the window, probably worried about Will being out late at the party, and she came hurrying out of the house as Steve parked up.

“Oh Steve! I mean, Deputy Harrington.”

“Steve is fine, Mrs Byers.”

She caught sight of Will in the passenger seat, and her hand flew to her mouth.

“What happened?”

“Hopper sent me to roust out a party that was getting noise complaints, everyone else had scattered before I got there but little Byers here was too drunk to run.”

“Oh, Will.”

Joyce lifted Will out of the cruiser, absently thanking Steve as she carried him towards the house. Steve waited to be sure they got inside okay, and just before the door shut his eyes met Will's, looking over his mom's shoulder with an intensity which almost took Steve's breath away.

He put the cruiser back into gear, and set off back to the station.

Tomorrow could be very interesting, once little Byers survived his first hangover, anyway.